In all the londes of cryſtyente
Was none founde ſo good as he.
Whyche was yonge and Jolyfe:
Wolde ſyr Guy wedde no wyfe.
But whan he began to elde
Wexed feble and vnwelde
And toke his leue of cheualry
And dwelled in Englonde certaynly
In that tyme kynge Edgar anone.
Sente after ſyr Guy full ſone.
And ſyr Guy was true and wyce:
And knowen for a knyght of pryce
He made hym hyghe ſtewarde of his londe.
And what ſo euer he ſayd it ſholde ſtonde.
He kepte well Englonde in his dayes
And ſet peas and ſtable layes
That no man was ſo hardy
To do another velany.
Vpon a daye thought ſyr Guy
That he wolde wedde ſome fayre lady
And haue bytwene them ſome chyldren fayre.
That of theyr londe myght be theyr heyre.
The kynge of Scotlonde in that tyde.
Had a doughter of grete pryde.
The emperours broder of Almayne
Loued [illegible] as men ſayne
But Guy wedded her god hym ſaue
And at her fader he dyd her craue
The kynge of ſcotlonde not for thy
Gaue his doughter vnto ſyr Guy
Ayenſt the wyll of his doughter bryght
She had leuer haue hadde the other knyght.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

A Fragment of Syr Bevis of Hampton

For he was yonge and bolde.
And ſyr Guy was wexen olde
Alas that euer he her to hym choſe
His owne lyfe for her to loſe.
Syr Guy wedded that lady free.
And brought her home to his countree
So longe to bedde he her ledde.
That a man chylde to gyder they hadde.
Beuys they called that childe bolde.
He was no more but ſeuyn yere olde.
Whan his fader was ſlayne
With ſyr Mordure of almayne
That lady bethoughte her vpon a daye:
And vnto her ſelfe ganne ſhe ſaye
My lorde is olde and maye not wyrche
Alle daye he goth vnto the chyrche
What for feblynge and what for age.
He loueth not with me for to rage
But hadde I take a yonge knyght.
That hadde not ben hurtyd in fyght.
He wolde me loue both daye and nyght.
And make me all the myrth that he myght
Truly it ſhall be thus noo whyle.
I ſhall let ſle hym wyth ſumme gyle
After a meſſenger the lady ſende.
That before he was her frende
And ſayd thou ſhalt on my meſſage.
Thy ſelfe alone without ony page
With that thou holde it counceyll.
I ſhall the quyte for thy trauayll
Madame he ſayd holde you ſtyll:
For I wyll do all at your wyll.

My lorde the it ſente ſyr mordure.
To nyght he commyth to thy boure
This yefte / he ſayde is lefe to me.
And tanke ſyr mordure of his gentre:
And ſaye I am all at his wyll.
Erly and late londe and ſtyll.
The meſſenger a way thenne wente
And tolde his lorde as ſhe had ſent
NOwe wyll we of yonge Beuys tell
howe woo he was and howe hym be felle.
Alas he ſayd all for tene.
That I had not wyth my fader been
To haue holpyn my fader in that ſtoure
Ayenſt that falſe theef ſyr mordure
To his moder he ran and ſayde.
Why haſte thou my fader betrayed:
I wyll be wrokyn of his bane.
Alas that euer thou were womane
And all falſe hores for thy ſake
To the deuyll of hell I them betake.
But one othe moder I the ſwere
yf I may euer armes bere
I ſhall be venged wyth myght and mayne
On them that hathe my fader ſlayne
His moder his wordes vnderſtode.
And gaue hym a buffet vpon the hode:
To the grounde he fell and that was harme
His mayſter toke hym vp by the arme
Men called his mayſter ſyr Sabere
That chylde was to hym lefe and dere
For Sabere was ſyr Guyes broder.
In Englonde was not ſuche an other.

Home withe the chylde he wente.
The lady after Sabyre ſente.
Sabyre ſhe ſayd for wele or for wo.
My ſone beuys loke that thou ſlo
For ſhall I neuer gladde be
That daye that I hym ſee.
Syr Sabyre was not well apayde
But graunted as the lady ſayde.
Home he wente full ſory in this wyſe.
He toke for wyles and ſlewe a gryce
The ryche chyldes clothes fayre and good.
He them beſpronge with the blode
Syr Sabere all for drede
Clothed the chylde in poore wede
And ſayd beuys it behoueth the to kepe
Vpon the felde all my ſhepe
Tyll the ſpouſage be brought to an ende
And then wyll we vnto wales wende.
There is an erle ſybbe vnto the
Thou ſhalte there dwelle and with hym be
Whan thou arte wexen and armes may bere
And haue ſtrenght harneys to were
Than thou ſhalte clayme thyn herytage.
And venge thy fader be thou of aege
And I ſhall helpe the than to fyght
With dynte of ſwerde to wynne thy ryght
Therfore my ſhepe forth thou dryue
That no man knowe thou be on lyue.
And forth he wente with Sabyres ſhepe
To the felde and ſore gan wepe.
Whan beuys was on hygh vpon the downe:
He loked to warde ſouth hampton

GP
[illegible]

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